

# The TATTLER

Vol. CLXXVI. No. 2287

and **BYSTANDER**

London  
April 25, 1945



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# THE TATLER

and BYSTANDER

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*Bertram Park*

Lady Morvyth Benson

Lady Morvyth Benson, second sister of the Earl of Dudley, is Vice-President of the Hampshire branch of the British Red Cross Society. Her husband, Air Cdre. C. E. Benson, D.S.O., R.A.F., has been for the past two years in Sicily and Italy, attached to Eighth Army headquarters as Military Administrator A.M.G. The Benson's home is Shawford Park, Hampshire and they have two daughters, Gillian, who is working at the Foreign Office, and Sarah, serving in the W.R.N.S.





# WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

## Smashing

GERMAN militarism is to be smashed wherever it exists. Not until Hitler's Reich is occupied from end to end will there be a proclamation that the war is over in Europe. Such places as Norway and Denmark will have to be invaded and cleared of the enemy. The enemy will have to be dug out of his strongly held positions in Northern Italy. The French Channel ports will have to be freed; so will the Channel Islands. All this will take time. The Germans who are occupying these places may, of course, give in when they realize that Hitler is finished, but obviously here is the moment for caution to be uppermost.

This is the interpretation I would place on General Eisenhower's latest remarks. There must have been a revision of earlier ideas, and some of the original plans which were to mark the fall of Berlin. It may be that German resistance is more thoroughly organized round the capital than was anticipated. I myself cannot believe this to be true, but it may happen so. In any case, there will be a fight to hold the Bavarian redoubt, and the capture of this stronghold and the occupation of the outlying German positions I have mentioned must all take time. Whatever was the reason for a change in plans, General Eisenhower is taking no chances. He is the Supreme Allied Commander, and his position was confirmed by President Truman's address to Congress on the death of Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

At one time it was contemplated that we might have two VE days. VE-1 would occur on the fall of Berlin, or at such time as it was thought that it could be said with some safety that organized German resistance is at an end. VE-2 was to come with the final ending of all the campaigns in Europe, and this was

to have been—and now will be—the main celebration. A forcible opinion has grown up since talk of VE day started that it would be wrong to have any kind of riotous jubilation while the shooting continues in Europe. I agree with this attitude. There is so much clearing up to be done, not only in Germany itself, but also in the Nazi outposts which have, so far, been carefully preserved in the hope of some sudden change in prevailing circumstances, that one must be on the side of caution. A clergyman friend of mine told me the other day that most of his working-class parishioners are against any large-scale celebrations. They want to have their boys home before they start rejoicing. For them, the cessation of the doodle-bug raids and the rocket-wreckings has been a relief of some magnitude. My clergyman friend has a parish in the South of England, which has suffered terribly. But the same feeling is, I am told, prevalent in other parts of the country.

## Finale

HITLER's last Order of the Day on the eve of the Battle of Berlin, bore all the marks of bitter desperation. Obviously he had to say something, but the mentality of the man revealed in his reference to the death of President Roosevelt was typical. To describe him as "the worst war criminal" displaces Mr. Churchill from that role, and seems to omit any recognition of Marshal Stalin. The suggestion that President Roosevelt's death was another turning point in the war was just plain unadulterated wishful thinking. Even Hitler must feel ashamed of using such childish tricks to fool the German people in the moment of their greatest defeat.

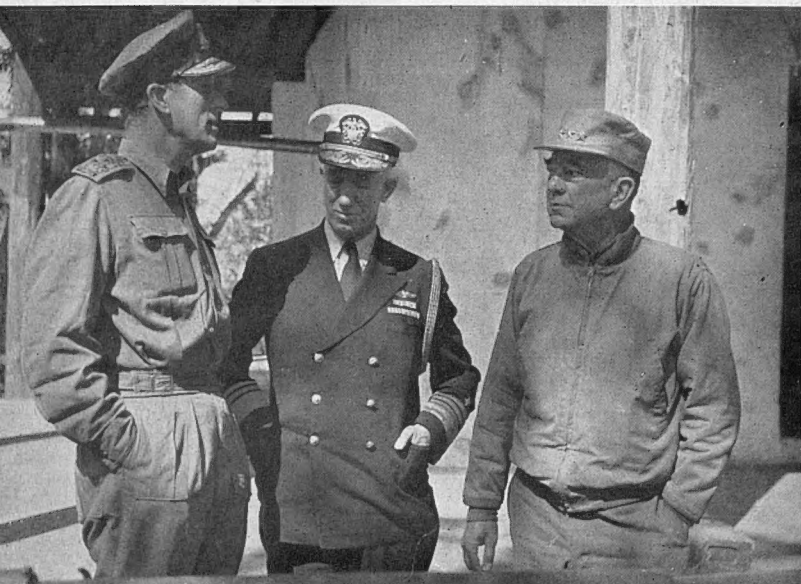
The fact that Hitler issued an Order of the Day after such a long period of silence can

mean only one of two things: (a) the German Army as such has ceased to exist for all practical purposes; (b) what is left of the German Army is in such a parlous state that the Nazi bosses have experienced no great difficulty in overcoming the Army leaders. That Hitler should have to tell German soldiers to shoot their officers should they order a retreat, is sufficient indication of the state of Germany's military organization. At the same time, the Order of the Day gives a clear sign that Hitler and his colleagues intend to hang on until the very last moment. For them it is the finale of desperation which they can dramatize for ever, if any of them survive. Obviously Hitler is thinking in terms of history. Here is the germ of cruel Nazism which he hopes will thrive through the days of defeat and develop in the years to come. The Nazis have split-up their army commands into the same form as our Regional Commissioners. Each army commander has been given administrative as well as military power. All this means that Hitler still has faith in his stars, if not in those who are bidden to do the fighting on behalf of his fading regime.

## Tactics

FRANZ VON PAPEN appears for once to have made the right decision. He did not bungler his arrest by the American advance units, as he has bungled so many other things in his life. He seemed intent on making certain that he was not going to be caught by the Nazi firebrands who might have shot him out of hand, so he waited in his hunting lodge in the Ruhr, pretending to hide. He may yet imagine that time can be turned back and that he can realize his ambition. On the morrow of Hitler's assumption of the Chancellorship of the German Reich, von Papen was telling his friends that the Nazis would not last very long. They would be thrown from power and he would be Chancellor in Hitler's place. But he was wrong. He was compelled to live on, to work for them humbly and willingly, and to see the wreckage of Germany which has resulted.

It seems that he cannot be treated as a war criminal. All his known activities were those of a diplomat, and he apparently cannot be held in blame for any of the worst of the Nazi atrocities. But on that score we must not be



Lord Louis Visits the 36th Division

Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten, Supreme Allied Commander South East Asia, recently made a tour of inspection of the British 36th Division in Burma. With him here are Vice-Admiral Cooke, U.S. Navy, and General Dan I. Sultan, Commander of the India-Burma theatre of war, who accompanied him



British War Minister in Germany

Sir James Grigg (right), Minister for War, while in Western Germany, visited troops in the field. He is seen in conversation with Lt.-Gen. B. G. Horrocks, G.O.C. the British 30th Corps, and Field-Marshal Sir Bernard Montgomery. Gen. Horrocks led the advance into Belgium and Holland last autumn



too certain. Possibly some of those in occupied countries in Europe may yet be able to produce evidence to charge von Papen along with other Nazi leaders. One thing is certain, Franz von Papen is still a dangerous German; and he will be until the end of his days. The Allied leaders are not likely to forget this, whatever else they may do. By his demeanour von Papen showed that he thinks otherwise. His manner on being arrested seems to have been almost jaunty, even debonair.

### Tragedy

IN the words of Mr. Winston Churchill, President Roosevelt died in battle harness. Till his last breath he was the active and inspiring Commander-in-Chief of all the American armed forces on land, sea and in the air. His sudden death sent a shudder throughout



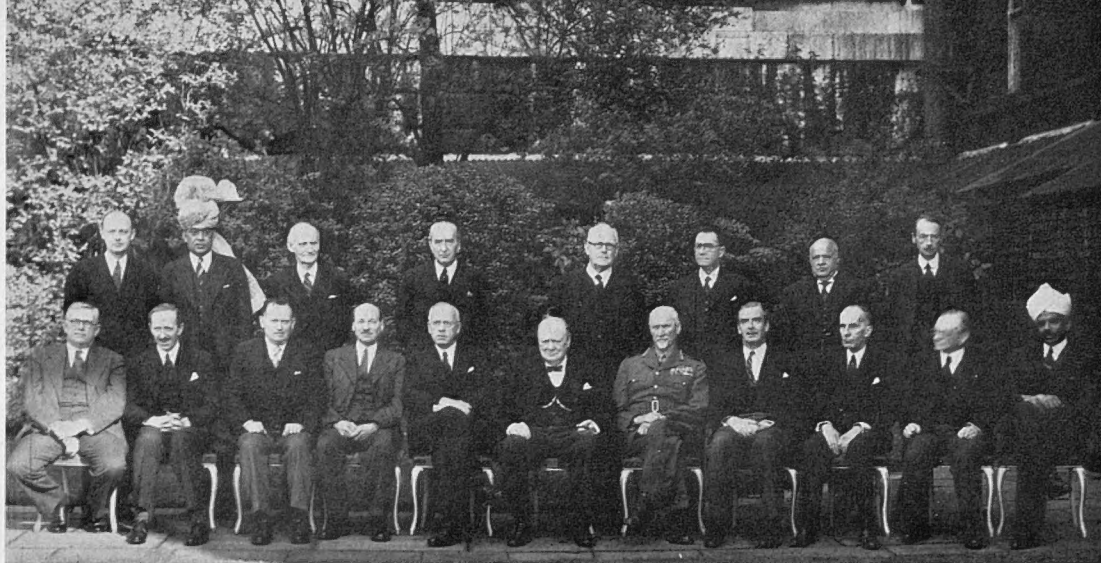
### Somewhere in the Pacific

Above, Vice-Admiral Sir H. Bernard Rawlings is seen with Capt. T. E. Halsey, Commander of H.M.S. King George V. Admiral Rawlings flew his flag in the King George V when commanding a British task force attacking the Ryukyu Islands in 1945



### Playing Shove Halpenny

Mrs. R. G. Casey, wife of the Governor of Bengal, visiting the Strategic Air Force H.Q., S.E.A.C., saw large consignments of comforts and games for the men. Air Marshal W. A. Coryton took her on at Shove Halpenny



Vandyk

### The Empire Delegates Meet the Prime Minister at Downing Street

Standing: Mr. Hume Wrong (Canada), Sir F. K. Noon (India), Mr. G. Heaton Nicholls (South Africa), Mr. Bruce (Australia), Mr. W. J. Jordan (New Zealand), Mr. C. A. Berendson (New Zealand), Sir V. T. Krishnamachariar (Indian States), the Duke of Devonshire. Sitting: Dr. H. V. Evatt (Australia), Lord Cranborne, Mr. F. M. Forde (Australia), Mr. Atlee, Mr. Peter Fraser (New Zealand), Mr. Winston Churchill, General Smuts (South Africa), Mr. Eden, Mr. Vincent Massey (Canada), Mr. Amery, Sir Ramaswami Mudaliar (India)

the civilized world. It re-echoed in many a humble heart here as well as in the United States, in China and in Soviet Russia. His departure meant the end of a triumvirate which has led the world through the darkest days of the war. The meetings of the Big Three meant something to everybody, even to Hitler and Mussolini and the Mikado of Japan. For they never met without achieving an increase in the tempo of the war, the hastening of Allied victory.

In his tribute, which he made for all the political parties represented in the House of Commons, Mr. Churchill did not reveal the depth of his own sorrow. Only those who were privileged to witness his private reactions can know how deeply he was affected. There was a glorious partnership. It was a happy and free friendship. They could joke together, be serious when events demanded it, but always they were friends. One of his last gifts to President Roosevelt was a volume of his latest war speeches, with the inscription "Another egg from the old hen, Winston Churchill."

### Fate

NOBODY can envy Mr. Harry S. Truman, the heavy responsibility which has been thrust on him by fate in succeeding President Roosevelt. The presidency of the United States, which carries with it the command of all the armed forces of the nation, is a matter of personal rule as much as anything else. Politics play a very great part, and any holder of the office must have an agile and untiring mind. In the case of Mr. Truman, he enters into the succession of an uninterrupted rule of twelve years in which President Roosevelt organized the ever-expanding Administration to his own peculiar liking. Mr. Truman will have to make many changes as time goes on, not only in personnel but also in method. It is natural that he should do this, but in itself this will be no easy burden to discharge. For at all times he will be subject to the will of Congress, of which President Roosevelt had made himself an adept master in managing.

In all respects the United States must now face a period of experimentation. Mr. Truman is a man of the people, and this fact alone will endear him to the electors, if not to the politicians in Washington. His address to the two houses of Congress was a model of simplicity and straightforwardness. He appealed for unity, and promised to work hand in hand with Congress. At times the phrasing and the emphasis of his sentences seemed to re-echo the voice of President Roosevelt, although the sonority was lacking.



### Gen. Scobie Hands Over

On March 31st Gen. Scobie broadcast to the people of Athens, on the eve of the handing over of Military Liaison to U.N.R.R.A., who assumed full responsibility for distribution of supplies from 1st April



### Count and Countess Karolyi

Count Michael Karolyi, a former President of Hungary, and statesman of well-known liberal views, was photographed with his wife at their Hampstead home. He has many friends in the U.S.A. and in England where he has lived for some time



# MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

## Three Films

By James Agate

I HAVE to thank the management of the Ritz Cinema for their courtesy in enabling me to see *Farewell My Lovely*, which has drawn and is still drawing the town. I confess I am bewildered. I had lunched wisely and not too well. I gave the film the utmost of my attention and was unable to make head or tail of it from start to finish. Why should the police suspect the detective of the murder he had been engaged to unravel? Was the jade necklace ever really stolen? Who was Velma and did it matter anyhow? Who was the Gorilla Man? Was it all happening simultaneously in a jungle and a clinic? Why did the blonde's husband shoot everybody at sight? Was everybody lying, and if so, what were they lying about?

MISS LEJEUNE has suggested that the treatment harks back to the early German school of dream-phenomena. This is O.K. by me, except that I would have liked to know what everybody was nightmaring about. But

secretary-companion (Marsha Hunt) who, in consequence of an arrangement between the two girls, pretends she is Laraine while Laraine pretends to be the secretary. This is because Laraine is a millionairess with an aversion to publicity and fortune-hunters.

THIS old-fashioned masquerade is the entire film. Tony, a swaggering creature, falls in love with Laraine first, thinking she is the secretary. Then, in order to prove his hundred-per-cent masculinity, he proceeds to cure Laraine's slight cold with a drink compounded of vintage claret, six lemons and sundry sticks of cinnamon—a concoction to revolt any civilized palate. Next he angles for the supposed millionairess, who of course is the secretary, and is already married to a rather dumb gentleman impersonated by that good actor Allyn Joslyn. Tony also tries that horrible claret-cup on her and proposes marriage. And so it goes on, with all the old tricks and all the most ancient situations. I

navy and air force, and all American civilians are entirely taken up with boys and girls running after each other, making love in any and every place, discussing girls and boys, chasing girls and boys, running away from them and returning to them, bedrooms, seductions, marriages, divorces, honeymoons, more divorces. . . . I turn up my Montague and I read about some old play: "The whole thing seemed to pass into an ecstatic fantasia on sex questions as these might be understood in fowl-runs or by cats in our back yards. . . ."

THIS film is well acted, lasts only five-quarters of an hour, doesn't contain one sensible thought or witty remark or intelligent observation. For the third time, then, Mr. and Mrs. A.F. etc., etc., etc.

*Heir To The Throne* (Gaumont and Tivoli) is a documentary lasting only fifteen minutes but quite long enough to show us a most interesting series of incidents in the life of H.R.H. The Princess Elizabeth. First we see her as an infant—a charming infant. Then as a little girl—an enchanting little girl. Then in the maturity of her eighteen years, the Royal Coming of Age. We see her with her parents at the Aldershot Tattoo, at the wedding



*Bride by Mistake* is the story of a wealthy heiress, Norah Hunter (Laraine Day) who has such an aversion to newspaper publicity and fortune hunters that she has her secretary-companion, Sylvia (Marsha Hunt) change places with her whenever she has to appear in public. The idea works very well until Norah falls in love. Then the masquerade nearly proves disastrous. Round the bridge table above are Slim Summerville, Edgar Buchanan, Laraine Day and Allyn Joslyn



*Farewell My Lovely* is a thriller. In it, Dick Powell, "tough—rough—terrific—haunted by a lovely face, hunted for another's crime" is a private detective who becomes involved in a hold-up murder mystery. There is a lot of shooting, but in spite of being assaulted and temporarily blinded, Dick wins through, not only in catching the criminals he is after, but in getting the girl he wants. Above right, Dick Powell is seen as Detective Phillip Marlowe, Miles Mander as the wealthy Mr. Grayle and Anne Shirley as Ann Grayle, the girl with whom Dick falls in love

I'm afraid I don't quite agree with my eminent colleague when she writes that the picture's "own especial contribution is the tawdriness of the setting; a nasty, bedraggled bit of dirty work, accurately observed." To me, much of it seemed to be taking place in the most expensive settings, in the heavily-scented boudoirs of young women whom it is polite to call "lovelies." The real tawdriness, surely, was in the dialogue. When, for example, the blonde said: "I didn't really love him, but remembering him does something to my stomach." Since remembering this film does something to the present writer's stomach, let him turn to other matters.

THOSE dear old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Average Filmgoer, will like the latest Alan Marshal-Laraine Day picture. This is showing at the Astoria and is called *Bride By Mistake*. In other words Alan, in the guise of Captain Tony Travers, nearly marries Laraine's

repeat: Mr. and Mrs. A.F. will be enchanted.

THERE is one genuinely funny scene, but it will, alas, only appeal to bridge-players. Alan and the secretary—the real one—are in a room off-stage drinking the devil's brew. Laraine, Allyn, somebody who is an old bachelor friend and guardian of L's, and the family butler—this must be the custom in the Californian *haute volée*—are supposed to be concentrating on a game of bridge, but their eyes and ears are strained towards the next room. In one hand the first three players all over-call each other in clubs, to the astonishment of the butler who holds all thirteen of that suit! In fact, he is so overcome by amazement that he passes!

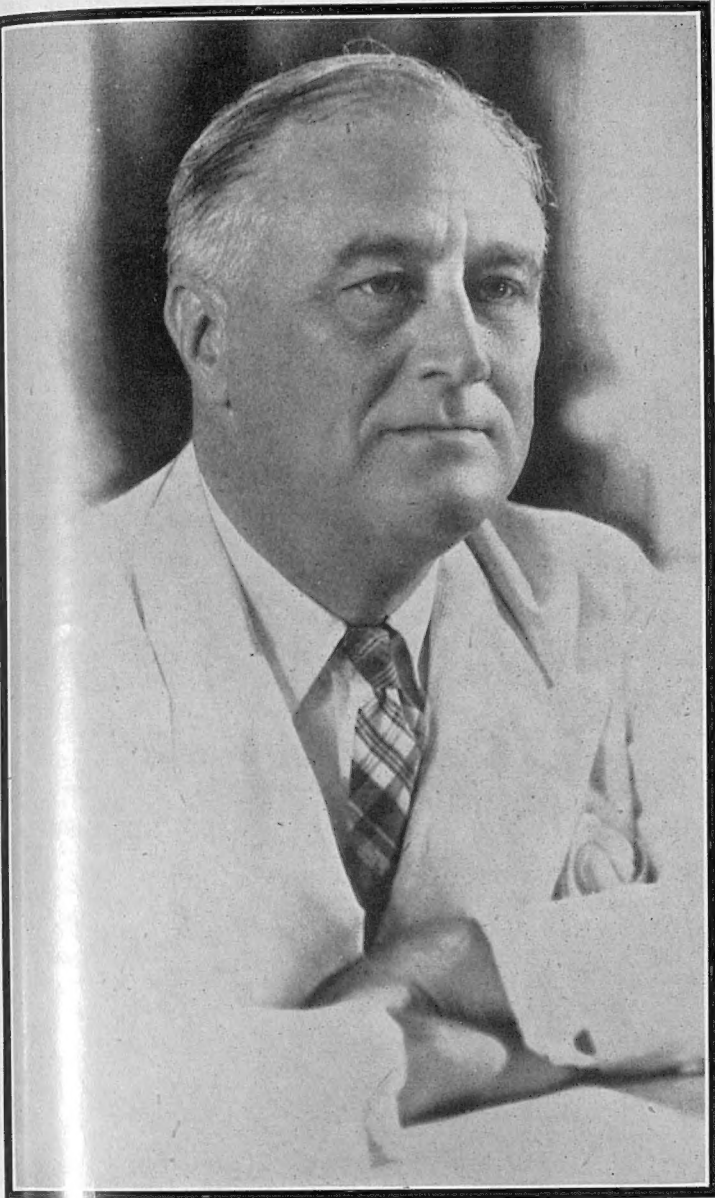
AND now a question. Why is this kind of film so entirely concerned with sex? If one did not know better, one would get the impression that the entire American army,

of the Duke and Duchess of Kent, with Queen Mary, on board a ship, at Windsor Castle, at the changing of the Guard—the Grenadier Guards of which H.R.H. is Colonel-in-Chief, and finally on duty with her Sea Rangers, of which she is a simple Bo'sun—it being the wish of Their Majesties that The Heir to the Throne should be instructed in all branches, and learn order and discipline as so many of their Royal ancestors have done. We hear her voice—clear as crystal, melodious as a bell. She holds herself erect, she smiles and is gracious and amiable, like her mother. And like her mother, she comports herself regally and royally. One feels that the future of Great Britain's throne is in good hands. That H.R.H. will prove herself worthy of the great tradition she will inherit and the glorious name she bears. This picture will delight millions; it is simple, natural, moving and convincing. And the photography is superb. Long Live Princess Elizabeth!



# Britain Mourns Mr. Roosevelt

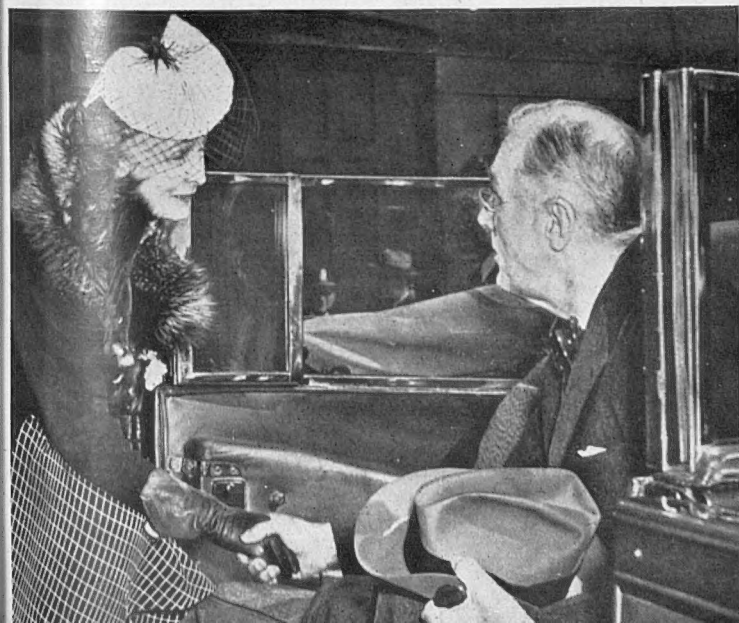
## Our Greatest American Friend



The Late President Roosevelt

«Bachrach», Boston

Below is probably the last photograph of the President taken as he said good-bye to Princess Alice, wife of the Earl of Athlone, Governor-General of Canada, when she and her husband were guests of the Roosevelts in Washington



The Royal Family Attend the Service at St. Paul's

The impressive service held in memory of President Roosevelt at St. Paul's Cathedral was attended by the King, in naval uniform, with the Queen and Princess Elizabeth, who wore the uniform of the A.T.S. A congregation of nearly 3,000 assembled to pay their last tribute to the great statesman



The Earl of Harewood and the Princess Royal were both in khaki at the Cathedral



Mr. Winston Churchill left St. Paul's after the ceremony followed by his daughter, Sarah



King Haakon of Norway and his son, Crown Prince Olaf, arrived together at the memorial service



King George of the Hellenes was another Royal mourner in the congregation at St. Paul's



# The Theatre

"The Wind of Heaven" (St. James's)

SCRATCH an Anglo-Saxon, some say, and you find a Celt. At any rate, there is enough of the Celt in the average London playgoer to assure a long run to the very Welsh play of Mr. Emlyn Williams now setting the very urban stage of George Alexander's old theatre a-tingle with the emotions of villagers who believe themselves to be touched by a wind from Heaven. For Mr. Williams is theatrically most adroit in his wooing of Anglo-Saxon sympathies. He sites his drama at the heart of the Welsh mountains where, as freely as the ferns grow, credulity may flourish; and he turns back time to the end of the Crimean War when costumes may be expressively fanciful yet wholly plausible, and the overtone of grief for the loss of young life may strike a responsive chord in our own hearts. Moreover, although the revivalist impulse in modern Welsh villages is, according to common report, apt to lose itself in a hysteria which alienates the respect of detached observers, Mr. Williams allows none of his characters to get emotionally out of hand. A "miracle" is performed. It is received with the simple reverence which is easy to share because it is never overstrained; and the central character—a Welsh lad grown into a grasping Birmingham showman—is left to ecstasize with George Herbert:

"Who would have thought my shrivelled heart  
Could have recovered greenness?"

NO one will hold it against Mr. Williams that he seems to associate the good fresh greenness with Welsh air and shrivelled materialism with life in Birmingham. There are the terms in which his story is effectively cast. The vulgar showman returns to his native village not as "Emrhys" but as "Ambrose," and the adopted Anglicization appears to be a symbol of the corrupting lust for power which has made his circus the most famous of its time and his servants the least well paid of their class. It is as Emrhys that he is drawn by the sympathy of a lonely young widow to speak of moments in youth when, alone among the hills, he knew

immortality of soul and adored God. But it is as Ambrose that he comes back. He has scented in the rumours of a dwarf possessed of strange powers of divination a possible acquisition to the performing elephants and fleas of his circus. His materialistic purpose still holds when he learns that it is a small boy, the love

Sketches by  
Tom Titt



Ambrose Ellis, successful circus proprietor, visits his birthplace, the village of Blestin, in search of a "dwarf" reputed to make music out of the air. He seeks the help of Mrs. Dilys Parry, who has been widowed by war (Emlyn Williams, Diana Wynyard)



Evan Howell, a local farmer, is the one man who can help Ellis in his search. The circus proprietor's manager, Pitter—a gentleman down on his financial luck—talks to Howell hoping to get some useful information about the "dwarf" and is not entirely unsuccessful (Herbert Lomas, Arthur Hambling)

child of a servant, who is reputed to have supernatural gifts of prophecy. The most moving moment in the play is when the great Ambrose learns that his return to the village was foretold before he himself had decided to make it and that he was known to the prophet, not by the English name he used in the world, but by the true Welsh name which his greed had betrayed and his pride hidden away.

EMOTIONALLY this is the culminating moment, though there is still another act to come. Up to this point Mr. Williams succeeds in conjuring up the queer atmosphere of a whole village patiently waiting for hearts darkened by sorrow

to be suddenly filled with supernatural light. Every wave of the wizard's wand deepens the effect—Mr. Herbert Lomas speaking the tramp's plain belief in the coming of the new Messiah, Miss Megs Jenkins's moving depiction of the servant's simple recognition of her son's strange indwelling grace, Miss Diana Wynyard's stillness and sincerity as the beautiful widow who reproaches herself for being unreconciled with loneliness, and, above all, Mr. Williams's own assured playing of the showman as half a fallen angel still potent with evil. With the coming of the Messiah, with the slow process of conversion, the lame parallels with the New Testament and the alternative reading of events for the benefit of rationalists, the wizard's wand loses something of its wizardry. But the acting remains throughout at the highest level of accomplishment.

ANTHONY COOKMAN.



# Artistic Circles

Authors, Artists, Actors



Broderick Vernon

Artists and Models on the Door-Step



S/Ldr. Brian Doherty, W. G. Fay  
and Capt. Bruce Marshall

● *Father Malachy's Miracle* has been produced for the first time in this country at the Embassy Theatre. Based on the novel written by Capt. Bruce Marshall, R.A.P.C., it was produced in New York in 1937 and ran there for three years. In it, W. G. Fay, the seventy-two-year-old, Dublin-born actor, gives one of the finest performances of his career. The play is produced by Anthony Hawtrey, who, following in the footsteps of his famous actor-manager father Sir Charles Hawtrey, is planning to restore the Swiss Cottage Theatre to its pre-war status as the home of subsequent West End successes.



Anthony Hawtrey, the producer, and Ursula  
Howells, who plays a leading part

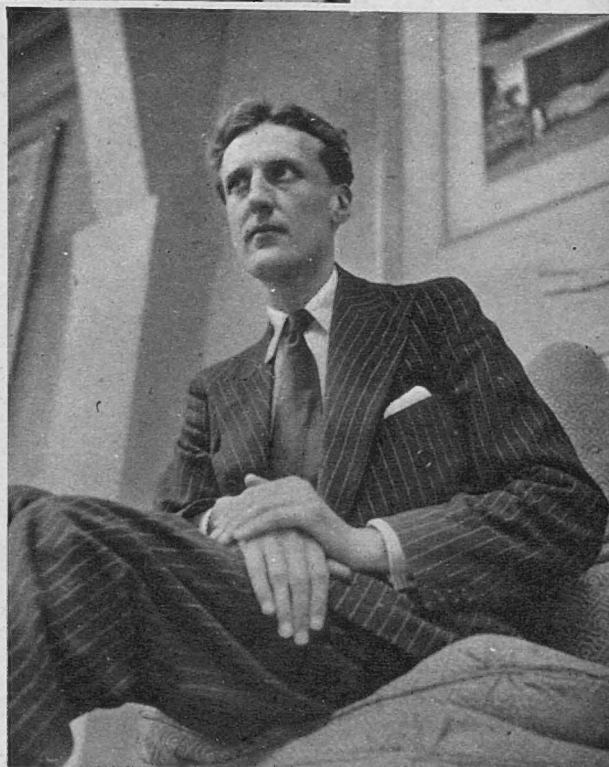


## Author and Diplomat

Senhor Paschoal Carlos Magno, Second Secretary at the Brazilian Embassy, has just arrived back in London from Rio de Janeiro, where he has been giving a series of lectures on "The Greatness and Heroism of Great Britain." Senhor Magno published his first book in English, "Sun Over the Palms," in 1943.

Left: Both Anthony Devas and his wife—the former Miss Nicolette Macnamara—are well-known painters. Their favourite models include Emma Devas, her three-year-old brother Esmond, and their playmates, Simon Walker and Desmond O'Connor.

Right: Mr. Francis Cassel's recitals at the Albert Hall are eagerly-awaited events. His most recent was on the 11th of this month. In addition to his musical talent, Mr. Cassel is rapidly making a name for himself as a successful racehorse owner. He is Sir Felix's Cassel's heir, and grandson of the third Earl of Verulam.



Broderick Vernon

Pianist and Racehorse Owner



Alicia Parker, Lalage Lewis, Shelagh Maillard,  
S/Ldr. Doherty, Joan Rees and Margo Johns





### Making and Mending *Forgeron*

At the Windsor Resthouse for injured and ailing Civil Defence workers, the patients learn how to "make and mend." Miss Althea Fitzalan-Howard (right), a member of the Red Cross, shows a Leading Firewoman how to mend a chair



### Buying and Selling Flags

On Sailors' Flag Day in London this photograph was taken showing King Peter of Yugoslavia shaking hands with Lady Crosfield, who was helping to organise the sale of flags. In the centre is the Queen of Yugoslavia



*David Gurney*

### Miss Elizabeth Richmond

Miss Elizabeth Richmond, a V.A.D. working at a hospital in Buckinghamshire, is the youngest daughter of Major and Mrs. G. M. Richmond, of Kincairney, Perthshire. She was caught by the photographer in London recently

# On and Off Duty

## A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

### Court Mourning

RARELY has the death of the head of a foreign State cast such a deep and all-embracing gloom over this country as did the sudden end of Franklin Roosevelt, who will surely rank in history beside Lincoln and Washington as one of the United States' greatest Presidents. The King's act in immediately ordering the Court into mourning for a full week was symbolic of the general feeling throughout the country: scores of private parties and functions were cancelled in sympathy, and at the few that could not, for one reason or another, be put off, and in the clubs and restaurants of the West End, there was an atmosphere of sadness that has not been repeated since the death of King George V.

Fortunately, very few important functions had been arranged for Their Majesties during the week, with the exception of their visit to Glasgow to see the international soccer match, and this was cancelled, much to the disappointment of several thousands of loyal Scots and English football fans.

### Palace Party

ONLY a few hours before President Roosevelt died, he and his work for humanity had been the central subjects of discussion at the party which the King and Queen gave at Buckingham Palace for the delegates of the Dominions and the Indian representatives attending the London Conference, and for the British delegates to the coming San Francisco Conference on World Organisation—preparations for which occupied a greater part of President Roosevelt's time and attention during the last weeks of his life.

Mr. Eden, who will head our delegation at San Francisco—and to whom fell the sad duty of attending Mr. Roosevelt's funeral to represent the British Government—was the chief home guest. Mrs. Eden was with her husband, and both Mr. C. R. Attlee, Lord President of the

Council, and Viscount Cranborne, the Dominions Secretary, were also accompanied by their wives. Other members of the Government present were Mr. Dingle Foot, of the Ministry of Economic Warfare; Mr. William Mabane, of the Ministry of Food, with Mrs. Mabane; and Miss Florence Horsbrugh, of the Ministry of Health.

### Among the Guests

FIELD-MARSHAL SMUTS had a long talk to Princess Elizabeth, who came in her khaki uniform as a second subaltern of the A.T.S., having driven straight from her training camp to the party; Mr. E. M. Forde and Mr. H. V. Evatt, respectively Deputy Prime Minister and Attorney-General of Australia, came with their wives, who had had private audiences with the Queen the day before. Mr. Peter Fraser, New Zealand Prime Minister, was talking to Mr. Vincent Massey, the Canadian High Commissioner, who brought Mrs. Massey; and the Duke of Devonshire, who is Parliamentary Secretary for the Colonies, found much of interest to discuss with several of the Empire representatives. Nearly every one of the guests—and they totalled close on 150—had the opportunity of conversing with the King and Queen, and the Princesses, staying, as usual, close together, chatted to most of those present.

India was represented by Sir Ramaswami Mudaliar and tall Sir Firozkhan Noon, who talked for a long time with Mr. L. S. Amery, the Secretary for India, and with Mrs. Amery. Others at the party included Lord Gowrie, V.C., the new Lieutenant-Governor of Windsor Castle, and Lady Gowrie, the Countess of Scarbrough, Mrs. Walter Elliot, Mr. and Mrs. David Bowes-Lyon, the Duchess of Rutland, Sir Alexander Cadogan, Permanent Head of the Foreign Office, Sir Anthony Rumbold, Sir Eric Machtig, of the Dominions Office, Lady Annaly, and Major Michael Adeane, Assistant Private Secretary to the King, who has been on active service since the beginning of the war.

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### Lady Catherine Ramsden

Lady Catherine Ramsden is a Motor Transport driver in the W.R.N.S., and is seen on the balcony of her "off duty" headquarters in Westminster. She is the Earl of Ancaster's elder daughter



*Broderick Vernon*

### Miss Barbara Vincent-Jones

Miss Barbara Vincent-Jones, 3rd Officer, W.R.N.S., arrived recently in London after twenty-seven months' duty in Washington, where this picture was taken. She is the only daughter of Sir Vincent and Lady Vincent-Jones





*The Viceroy of India and Lady Wavell Entertain in a London Restaurant*

Lord Wavell, host at the Bagatelle one night, sat between Mrs. Michael Crichton-Stewart and his youngest daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Simon Astley, who was married in 1943



Capt. Michael Crichton-Stewart and Capt. the Hon. Simon Astley were on either side of Lady Wavell. Capt. Astley, 7th Hussars, is the younger son of Lord Hastings

## Dining Out? Some of Those Who Did

*Photographs at Bagatelle by Swaebe*



In the foreground at this table Lord Hesketh is seen with Mrs. E. Sitwell. He is in the Scots Guards, and succeeded to the barony on the death of his father last year



Capt. the MacLaine of Lochbuie was entertaining his wife. He succeeded his father in 1935 as 23rd Chief of Lochbuie, and married Miss Noreen Beadon two years ago



Lady Mary Rose FitzRoy and Capt. J. Mann-Thompson were dining together. She is the younger sister of the ninth Duke of Grafton and of Lady Jane Nelson



Sir Rupert Clarke was with Miss Gillian Maclean Brown and his stepsister, Lady Olivia Taylour, daughter of the Marquis and Marchioness of Headfort



# On and Off Duty

(Continued)

## Reception

MRS. ANTHONY EDEN and Mrs. Littlejohn-Cook received the guests together at the nineteenth reception given in their very successful All-Services Canteen Club in Upper Grosvenor Street. These are always the most friendly and cosmopolitan gatherings, bringing together members of the forces from the Dominions and Colonies, as well as Allied forces, Members of the Diplomatic Corps, Members of Parliament and many other interesting people. At this reception Mrs. Littlejohn-Cook had the help of her husband, who had come down from Scotland a few days before, and who had a long talk to good-looking Prince Bertil of Sweden in the early part of the evening. Mme. Gusev, wife of the Soviet Ambassador, found many of her fellow-countrymen at the party, and was chatting to many friends, among them young Nicholas Eden, who was escorting his mother.

A party of wounded Air Force officers had come up from their famous hospital at East Grinstead under the care of Mrs. Daintry, who



Mother and Daughter Yvonne

Mrs. George Philippi, seen here with her daughter, Georgina, a last year's debutante, is the wife of W/Cdr. George Philippi, M.C., of Crawley Court. Mrs. Philippi works for the Red Cross, and is particularly interested in the County Sales department of the Red Cross and St. John Fund

has worked there for several years. Mrs. Daintry's husband, Cdr. Daintry, who was home on leave, was also a guest. When Lt.-Gen. Sir Hastings Ismay arrived with Lady Ismay he went across the room and had a long talk with these wounded men, who were delighted to meet the Chief of Staff to the Ministry of Defence and a man who attends all the "Three-Powers Conferences" with the Prime Minister.

## Presentation

THE day before the reception, at a small private luncheon-party, Mrs. Littlejohn-Cook was presented with "The Goddess of Mercy." This is an exquisitely-carved figure of Chinese hardstone dating from the Ming Dynasty, and was subscribed for by men of every nation fighting for the Allied cause, all of whom have found a never-failing welcome at the All-Services Canteen Club whenever they have been in London. Capt. Lovibond was elected by men and women of the club to find a suitable gift which would adequately express their admiration for the founder and chairman, Mrs. Littlejohn-Cook, and after weeks of search he discovered "The Goddess of Mercy,"



Cyril F. Arnold, Northampton

## The Northamptons' Second Daughter is Christened at Castle Ashby

Elizabeth Compton, second daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Northampton, was christened on April 7th. She had four godparents, Mrs. Olive Watney, Mrs. Sacheverell Sitwell, Lieut. Guy Gossage, R.N., and Mr. R. O. Stable, The Rifle Brigade, who are seen with Lord and Lady Northampton and their two small daughters after the ceremony. Lord Northampton married Miss Virginia Heaton three years ago



G. W. Day, Dunbar

## Scottish Christening

Fiona Jean, daughter of Major G. E. Paton, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, is seen above with her parents after her christening at St. Anne's Church, Dunbar. Mrs. Paton is the eldest daughter of Brig. J. H. Hardy, M.C., and Mrs. Hardy, of Lancaster



Sirach

## London Christening

The third daughter of Major the Hon. Denys and Mrs. Buckley was christened Marion Miranda at Lincoln's Inn Chapel. Major Buckley is an uncle of Lord Wrenbury. Mrs. Buckley, seen here with her daughter, is a daughter of the late Sir Robert Armstrong-Jones



appropriate not only in its title, but also in the fact that the left arm of the figure is hidden, and Mrs. Littlejohn-Cook's own left arm has been hidden for the past four years, ever since it was badly mutilated in one of London's worst blitzes. The figure was presented by Col. Travers, who, as Westminster Warden in charge of the local Post, has shared many nights of non-stop bombing with Mrs. Littlejohn-Cook, and spoke highly of her never-failing good spirits and ever-ready hot cup of tea and warming meal.

#### Farewell Party

It was a happy thought of Sir Thomas Cook, as chairman of the Luxembourg Society, to arrange a farewell gathering to H.R.H. the Grand Duchess of Luxembourg. Lady Cook received the guests with Monsieur Joseph Bech, the Luxembourg Foreign Minister, who had recently returned from a visit to his country. Everyone present expressed sorrow that the Grand Duchess and her charming family are leaving us, but, at the same time, all were delighted to feel that the time has really come when it is possible for them to be reunited in their own country with their own people.

The Grand Duchess, wearing a short sable coat over her brown dress, arrived at the party accompanied by her entire family, the first time they had been together at any party for several years. H.R.H. the Prince of Luxembourg, who visited Luxembourg shortly after the first

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#### Shopping for Abroad

Miss Chloe Buxton was busy doing her last-minute shopping before leaving for Belgium when this photograph was taken. She is the elder of Col. and Mrs. Richard Buxton's two daughters, and is doing Red Cross work with the B.L.A.



Broderick Vernon

#### Working at an Embassy

Miss Audrey Warren Pearl, elder daughter of Col. and Mrs. Warren Pearl, works at the American Embassy to the Allied Governments, to which her father is attached. Her mother is chairman of the American Trailer Ambulance Committee.



Lieut.-Cdr. Viscount Dunwich, R.N., was talking to Mrs. Daintry at the All Services Canteen Club reception. He is the eldest of the Earl of Stradbroke's four sons



Mrs. Anthony Eden was in evening dress at the party, and is seen here in conversation with Mme. Gusev, wife of the Soviet Ambassador



Baron de Cartier de Marchienne, the Belgian Ambassador, and Prince Bertil of Sweden were photographed with their hostess, Mrs. Littlejohn-Cook. She founded the All Services Canteen Club in 1939



Gen. Sir Hastings Ismay, Chief Staff Officer to the Minister of Defence, was another guest at the reception of the All Services Canteen Club, Upper Grosvenor Street, and with him in this picture is Lady Ismay

#### The Reception to Diplomats and Allied Officers at the All Services Canteen Club



# Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

WHEN Hanover fell we expected the Fleet Street boys to make some sort of buoyant gesture in the direction of Hanover's last British King, good Queen Victoria's naughty Uncle Ernest, if only to imply that Progress and the B.B.C. have made chaps like this impossible nowadays, and so forth and tralala. They didn't, however, so we must make an obvious point ourselves, in your behalf.

Ernest Duke of Cumberland, a big dark tough sinister guy, a fearless cavalry officer, a devil for flogging, hated and respected by his troops, suspected of at least two murders, including that of his valet, and even worse crimes, the terror of the Whigs, an all-round bashibazouk, made himself so unpopular with the Island Race that when Victoria came to the throne and the crown of Hanover fell to him by Salic Law everybody said good riddance and pitied the poor Hanoverians. However, the Hanoverians loved Cumberland and let him stamp on them day and night for fourteen years with ecstasy in their dull pale-blue eyes; which is after all understandable, since the Boche—more especially the un-Latinised Boche—likes nothing better than being booted around by schoolmasters and sergeant-majors from cradle to grave.

## Conclusion

THE conclusion we draw (in your behalf) is that it is astonishing that nobody has yet suggested despatching the clever psycho-analyst boys of Harley Street en

masse to release the libidos of the unhappy Boche, an obvious Freudian case. We mention this here because one of them told us last week it was essential to do so, in the interests of civilisation. He then nudged us and said "*Smoky Joe will see you all right, boy,*" but we do not know what that means.

## Hush

A CHAP who praised an eminent soprano for her quiet singing of the Song of Farewell in Mahler's *Das Lied von der Erde* at Albert Hall recently was perfectly right. Most sopranos create such uproar, especially in opera, when bidding farewell to chaps who have wronged them, if it is possible to wrong a soprano, that you'd think it mattered.

The ideal operatic farewell would be terrifically impressive in its very quietude. Suppose a girl (something like Butterfly) is wronged by a sailor (something like Pinkerton). The farewell-finale should go like this, *pianissimo* and *sforzando*:

GIRL: Goodbye, you swine.  
CHORUS: You swine, you swine,  
Goodbye, you swine,  
You swine, you swine.

SAILOR: Alas!  
*Enter the First Lord of the Admiralty, raising his bowler hat breezily.*

F.L.A.: I beg  
Your pardon.  
*Exit F.L.A. on tiptoe, raising bowler hat and looking grave.*

GIRL (ppp.): You swine.  
CHORUS (ppp., dim.): Swine.  
*Darkness falls. Curtain.*

The chorus as it retires backwards makes noiseless gestures of shame and loathing. The Sailor on the second note of "Alas!" sketches a hornpipe, unthinkingly, but breaks off at once. The First Lord of the Admiralty carries umbrella and despatch-case.



"I can't get my fingers out of the holes"

## Contretemps

ART circles last week were still sympathetically discussing the case of Auntie *Times's* critic, who was badly wounded recently by the "mere ugly violence" of some canvas or other.

It seems that art critics are quite wrong to believe that artists paint deliberately to hurt them. Even Whistler was shocked at the thought. As for Goya, whose name naturally crops up, his appalling violence would undoubtedly have laid out not a few sensitive critics, had any emerged from the woodwork in his time. But our feeling is that the headstrong Aragonese would have been the first to rush round with a bunch of grapes and heartbroken apologies. It would make a poignant additional scene, we thought, being in musical mood, for that charming opera *Goyescas* which Granados wrote round Goya's tempestuous career.

We even sketched this scene out in idle mood. As Goya is putting the finishing touches in his studio to *El Garrote*, that terrific study of a newly-garrotted criminal, and dancing the Aragonese *jota*, a tragic veiled figure in black enters and flings herself at the painter's feet.

"I am Doña Sol, wife of the principal art critic of the *Heraldo de Madrid*. My husband is dying, owing to your ugly violence!"

"Dying?"

Checking a natural impulse to roar with laughter and resume his dance, Goya is struck by her beauty and despair.

"That upsets you?"

"Certainly, Señor."

Doña Sol then sings a long aria describing the wonder and splendour of being married to an art critic, the constant thrill of his

(Concluded on page 110)



"Perhaps listeners would like me to repeat the menu again"



# The First Flat Meeting at Windsor



Lord and Lady Manton came over to Windsor races from their home, Plumpton, near Lewes



Sir Ulick Alexander, Keeper of the King's Privy Purse, escorted Lady Nunburnholme in the paddock



Lady Irwin, whose husband's Banco won the Cannon Yard Plate, is seen here with the Duchess of Norfolk and Sir Percy Loraine, owner of Fractious



Lt.-Col. Giles Loder was with Fred Darling, the well-known trainer of many Derby winners. Col. Loder won the Derby with Spion Kop in 1920



Prince and Princess Romanovsky-Pavlovsky were at Windsor together



The Hon. Henry Tufton, son of Lord Hothfield, was with his wife



Three more enjoying the racing were Miss Harbord and Capt. and Mrs. Johnstone

● A very large crowd attended Windsor races on April 14. The chief event was the Upper Sixpenny Stakes, in which Gordon Richards rode a fine race on Sir Percy Loraine's filly Fractious, beating Miss Paget's colt Speckled Band in the last few strides. Another feature of the day was Michael Beary's performance in riding Head On, Hop Bridge and Fair Profit to victory, and finishing second three times and third twice



# Standing By ...

(Continued)

mistaking oils for water-colour, and so forth. Finally Goya, overcome, dashes to his canvas, and with a few quick strokes changes *El Garrote* to "Baby's Birthday." They dance the *farruca* together and the curtain falls. *Olé!*

## Ban

By appointing that distinguished man of letters and philosopher Jacques Maritain as Ambassador to the Holy See, the French show once more how much they lack that scorn and contempt for the Arts which prevails among our own more decent officialdom.

The fixed attitude of Whitehall, a chap in close touch told us recently, is that if any of the children of the Muses were appointed to high diplomatic or official posts they would only get drunk. It's no use quoting ambassadors like Rubens, or State Councillors like Goethe, or Milton, Latin secretary to Cromwell, or Paul Claudel, that fine poet, lately French Ambassador to the United States. They say five or six particular cases do not affect the general rule that if any of the children of the Muses, etc., etc. And not only drunk but offensive, they add. Bohemians. Dreamers. Children. Lunatics. Trash.

Why the French do not share Whitehall's fear and dislike of *la basse Bohème* is obvious, this chap added. They're a slovenly artistic lot themselves and in every way given to un-English habits. Half of 'em couldn't roll an umbrella tightly and neatly

in the official Whitehall way if you paid 'em. And, good God! (said this chap finally) look at their tailors.

## Tonic

MEETLY obeying a recent order from the ad. boys in one of the big dailies—"When you go on a bus and see a ticket-punch like this, remember the — Punch Company made it"—we have to report that apart from the intrinsic value of the knowledge itself, the mere act of remembering it tones the entire system and sets you up for the day.

Naturally one has to care about these things. Chaps who don't give a hoot whether ticket-punches are made by Salmon & Gluckstein or the Fairy Mélusine are out of it *ipso facto*, and looking up the poets, we find they are a bit vague also. Christina Rossetti, for example:

When I am dead, my dearest,  
Sing no sad songs for me,  
Plant thou no roses at my head,  
Nor shady cypress-tree;  
And in the ticket-punches,  
I should not get upset—  
Just, if thou wilt, remember,  
And, if thou wilt, forget.

A typical Chelsea attitude, due to helling round with sloppy, careless art boys.



"Just slip this one on for size"

## Lid

BOWLER hats, we read in a disturbing paragraph, are so called after their inventor, a French hatter named Beaulieu, who settled in Spitalfields following the revocation of the Edict of Nantes and changed his name to Bowler.

If this is true, the Citizen Beaulieu must have kept his foul invention under strict control for nearly 200 years, since it was halfway through the Victorian Era before the Race first began to flaunt this revolting lid, so far as our research reveals. Probably the truth is that on his dying bed Citizen

Beaulieu, like Aubrey Beardsley, begged those standing round to destroy all his "obscene drawings and blueprints. We can hear his weak moans of anxiety from here.

"Faut les brûler! Ah, mon Dieu! Faut les brûler tous!"

"Oui, oui, mon ami."

Here Mme. Beaulieu tips the wink to Pierre and Henri, who tiptoe out quickly with the papers under their arms.

"C'est fait, dis?"

"Calme-toi, mon pauvre chou. C'est fait."

Being no fool but a French housewife, Mme. Beaulieu guessed that designs for any hat as ignoble as the Beaulieu model would mean a fortune when the time was ripe. Three generations later the Industrial Revolution and its waves of ugliness showed the proper time was approaching. The Mrs. Bowler of the period unlocked the old carved French chest in the attic, and the Bowler Hat was loosed upon a stinking world.

## Footnote

THE significant thing is that notwithstanding its Continental origin the bowler hat looks utterly wrong on foreigners. We've noted it adorning French mayors, Greek shepherds, Italian politicians (cf. Mussolini's), German engineers, Irish foxhunters, and even Spanish noblemen. It looks as out of place as spangled tights on a country churchwarden. But view it crowning the round innocent pan and clear blue eyes of the Island Race and you have the perfect, harmonious moral and artistic ensemble. Cool!

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



GOTTREY WHOLDS

"I'm 16 Laurel Gardens—I wish your people wouldn't starch my woollen underwear"





Yevonde

## The Marchioness of Douro

In January 1944 the marriage took place in St. George's Cathedral, Jerusalem, of Capt. the Marquess of Douro, M.C., Royal Horse Guards, only son of the Duke and Duchess of Wellington, and Miss Diana McConnell. Lady Douro is the only daughter of Major-Gen. D. F. McConnell, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., G.O.C. Palestine and Transjordan, and Mrs. McConnell, of Knockdolian, Colmonell, Ayrshire. The present Duke of Wellington, a Lieut.-Colonel in the Grenadier Guards, succeeded as the seventh Duke on the death of his nephew, who was killed in action in 1943. The late Duke was a Captain in the Duke of Wellington's Regiment, serving with the Commandos at the time of his death



*Malassis* : "You will go with me to the Sûreté and tell all you know about your plans for putting certain coastal batteries out of action"

*In Boubard's Café, Algiers, a meeting of the Underground is interrupted by the arrival of Vichy Agent Malassis*

## Melodrama in Algiers

"The Assassin" is a Romantic Conception of the Murder of Admiral Darlan



*Woman* : "Use all six bullets"

*The night for the assassination of Admiral Vespéry has arrived. de Mauny's friends have been released from prison; and at the appointed time de Mauny receives his final instructions*



*Admiral Vespéry* : "I am going to start an organisation that will rule France for a hundred years"

*The Admiral, whose personal ambitions govern every move, plans the destruction of all those who stand in the way of his advancement (Arthur Young)*



*Hélène* : "They're going to kill him"

*Hélène, who loves de Mauny, has a premonition of impending tragedy. Her friends are all ready to leave Algiers, but she is unwilling to go with them*





General Mousset: "I never know whether I'm threatening you, or you're threatening me"

General Mousset also has dreams of power. With more charm than the Admiral and a great deal more subtlety, he hires for his own purposes the services of Agent Malassiss (J. H. Roberts, Henry Oscar)

• *The Assassin* is one of the few new plays presented to London audiences in recent months. As such, it is a welcome change from revivals. Broadly basing his play on fact, Mr. Irwin Shaw has found inspiration in the murder of Admiral Darlan shortly after we had pushed the Nazis out of Africa. It centres round an idealistic young royalist, de Mauny, who is tricked by a suave old General (played by J. H. Roberts) into acting as the Admiral's assassin. The sinister atmosphere of intrigue prevailing in the Port at that time is admirably created by Mr. Marcel Varnel's production, and an air of excitement is cleverly maintained throughout the three Acts. *The Assassin* is presented by Firth Shephard and is at the Savoy Theatre

Photographs by Alexander Bender



Mousset: "I want you to kill Admiral Vespéry"  
Robert de Mauny (Barry Morse), a political prisoner of known royalist conviction, is offered his freedom if he will kill Vespéry



de Mauny: "Do you know that the General has told me that you will allow yourself to be killed in my place?"  
General Mousset tells de Mauny that his life will be spared by the substitution of a poor wretch already dying of consumption



de Mauny: "You're condemning me, but you're condemning yourselves more"

Vespéry is dead. Still confident that General Mousset will save him at the last minute, de Mauny hears the Court's sentence of death



de Mauny: "Remember me! Remember me!"

Only in the condemned cell does de Mauny realise how he has been tricked by General Mousset. Hélène visits him to say good-bye. Dawn is breaking as she leaves (Rosalyn Boulter, Barry Morse)

# Men of R.A.F. Bomber Command



**S/Ldr. W. F. Caldwell, A.F.C., D.F.M.**, now serving at a station of R.A.F. Bomber Command, was born in Glasgow and was an insurance clerk before the war. He enlisted in 1940 for training as a pilot-observer, was awarded the D.F.M. in July 1942 for an attack on German battleships in the Channel, and received the A.F.C. in the New Year Honours, 1944



**S/Ldr. Stanley Slater, D.S.O., D.F.C. and Bar**, served in the ranks before being commissioned in 1943. In July of that year he won the D.F.C., a Bar to it in September 1944, and two months later was awarded the D.S.O. He has completed many sorties against targets in the Ruhr, and is at present serving with Bomber Command



**A/Cdre. S. C. Elworthy, D.S.O., D.F.C., A.F.C.**, was born in New Zealand and educated at Marlborough and Trinity College, Cambridge. In the official citation to his D.S.O., received when he was a Wing Commander, it is stated that "by his magnificent leadership and complete disregard of danger, he had brought his squadron to the highest pitch of war efficiency." He is now Senior Air Staff Officer at a group of R.A.F. Bomber Command



**C/Capt. A. V. Sawyer, D.F.C.**, was born at Karachi and educated at Dover College. Commissioned from Cranwell in 1933, he has served with various squadrons on flying duties; he is now Commanding Officer of a station in R.A.F. Bomber Command. He was awarded the D.F.C. in November 1941



**Left: C/Capt. J. E. Pelly-Fry, D.S.O.**, is now commanding a R.A.F. Bomber Command station. He was born at King's Langley and educated in Berkshire, but his home is in Colombo, Ceylon. He was mentioned in Despatches in March 1941, and awarded the D.S.O. in December 1943 for his part in the low-level daylight attack on the Phillips works at Eindhoven



# Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

## "Toll for the Brave"

It has been customary to assert that no one is irreplaceable. This has never been true of the brave. Of poltroons and the mean-spirited the world has enough and to spare: it can never afford the loss of anyone whose courage is of the first water. In this country we have a special admiration for this great quality, and thus are so sorely stricken with a grief that is personal and abiding at the loss of one of America's, and the world's, finest sons. To the great lady who has faced this calamity with a spirit which matches that of her husband, every man and woman of our Empire pays a

hold of a plan initiated by Rudolph Hess, seized at the Nazi Headquarters, giving full details as to how a riot was to be organised in front of the German Embassy in the Metternichgasse, and how Von Papen, then Ambassador, and the German Military Attaché were to be murdered, and thus supply Herr Hitler with a fine excuse to march in! This was before Hitler had thought up that one about German Weltanschauung!

## More Winners

It is suggested that there are only four that I need claim our close attention at this immediate moment: His Majesty's colt Rising



## Irish Golf Champions

Mr. Cecil Ewing, of Ballina, Co. Mayo, beat the holder, Mr. John Burke, by 4 and 3 in the West of Ireland Golf Championship at Rosses Point. This was the eighth time Mr. Ewing had won the Championship in fifteen years

the Leger, but I do not think that he will win the first of them. Grandmaster is only engaged in one of the classics, the Leger, so we can file him for future reference. The Stamina Probability Figures on the dam's side work out to about 1½ miles; on the sire's to about 2 miles: so perhaps we are entitled to split the difference. He is by Atout Maitre (Chaucer, St. Frusquin his most distinguished ancestors) out of Honorarium (Phalaris, Spearmint, Pretty Polly, Bayardo, Tracery in her family tree); he is as

(Concluded on page 116)



D. R. Stuart

## Public Schools Rackets: Winchester Wins the Cup Outright

Hugh Webb and Giles Myrtle, by their victory over Eton, won the cup outright for Winchester, a feat which has not been accomplished for sixty years. Webb is to captain Winchester's Cricket XI. next term

J. A. R. Clench (captain) and W. H. R. Brooks, runners-up in the Public Schools Championship at Queen's Club, lost to Winchester by 1 game to 4. Clench is 6 ft. 7 in., and Brooks is under 5 ft.

respectful tribute and extends a sympathy which is as sincere as it is deep. Franklin Roosevelt: preux Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche.

## Von Papen—Foxhunter!

LEICESTERSHIRE did not take to him when he came over many years ago, hoping, no doubt, to blossom forth as "The Slap-Up Meltonian." He was then a dashing Lancer in the 2nd Uhlans of the Guard: smart as German Household Cavalry spit and polish could make him; rode very well for a German, and yet, the Galloping Shires liked him not. This was not because of any standing rule about heaving half a brick at any stranger, but because of his bumptiousness, and because the more thoughtful Melton vateurs thought that there was some doubt as to whether his visit was made purely with the object of seeing The Chase at its best and fastest. Some had met these peripatetic Prussian officers before, and found out exactly what they were up to. Von Papen has been in many tighter corners than the one in which he finds himself at present: a dyed-in-the-wool Nazi, a prisoner in the hands of the Allies. For instance, in February 1938, about the 6th, just before Von Papen's Führer moved into Austria, the Vienna police had managed to get

Light, by Hyperion out of Bread Card by Manna (the breeding is very well worth noting), who won the 1½-mile Column Stakes at Newmarket on April 10th; Major J. B. Walker's Vicinity, winner of the 1-mile Shelford Stakes, also on April 10th; Lord Rosebery's Ocean Swell, who never had to gallop to beat Borealis in the April Stakes (1½ mile) on the 11th; and Mr. Freedman's Grandmaster, who won the 7-furlongs Free Handicap, also on the 11th. I will take Ocean Swell first, because he is far from being an unknown quantity. After he ran away with the Jockey Club Cup (2½ miles) on October 10th last year, it was here suggested that Lord Rosebery had the 1945 Gold Cup on his sideboard. I am now even more fully convinced of this fact, for this colt has now quite removed any tache, which his win in that falsely-run Derby, may have left behind it. The only danger may be Rockefeller, because we do not yet know how good he may be. His Majesty's Rising Light made mincemeat of the odds-on favourite, Sun Honey, in the Column Stakes, the colt to which he ran fourth in his one and only appearance as a two-year-old. He came up the hill like the stayer that his breeding ought to ensure that he is. He is engaged in the Two Thousand, the Derby and



D. R. Stuart

## Army Rugby Player Married

Capt. Frederick Parker Dunkley, R.A., the Army Rugby forward, recently married Miss Ann Rosine Dent, daughter of Mr. W. E. Dent, of Congleton, Cheshire. Dunkley, who was wounded in North Africa, returned from his honeymoon to play for the Army v. the R.A.F.

# Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

honest as the daylight, and, with the exception of being a little plain about the head, all that you could ask for. He may be below top class, as some say: at the moment we just do not know. Then Vicinity: he is by Fairway; is extremely nice to look at, but at the moment I question whether his three-year-old performance has much reinforced his two-year-old record, which was not very stout. I adhere to my first conviction that Dante will win the Two Thousand, and that we had better wait and see how he does it before saying any more.

## A Racing Guide, Philosopher and Friend

MR. PHIL BULL, B.Sc., who is professionally known as William K. Temple, is to be congratulated yet once again upon his annual production, *The Best Horses of [at the moment] 1944* (the Portway Press; 20s.), a sequel to last year's equally careful and well-informed book. If this were just a collection of pedigrees and performances, anyone could do it; but it is so much more—a cleverly-written and well-reasoned commentary, backed by the quoted evidence of such equally painstaking people as our friend "Ajax" (Mr. J. H. Park), of the *Sporting Life*. It is the most useful book that anyone who goes racing, and even those who cannot, could possess, for it gives you just that little extra that it would take you a month of Sundays to unearth for yourself. The feature of it which appeals to me is the admirably-written commentary. Mr. Bull never makes a statement without giving his reasons for having arrived at his conclusion, and that leaves it open to you to fight him and beat him—if you can! In criticism he is absolutely fearless, but never for one moment transgresses the rules of fair fight. So many people never manage to argue a case without losing their tempers, and

thereby, of course, ensuring defeat! This author is very skilled in the use of that absolutely deadly weapon, satire, but the point is never dipped in poison. It is not possible within the space at my disposal to range as freely as I should like through these pleasant pages, so I will confine myself to a strong recommendation to all the anti-Dantes to read carefully all that Mr. Bull has to say about the most-discussed animal of the moment, the favourite for this year's Guineas and Derby. I am certain that anyone who does read the analysis will be constrained to admit that Mr. Bull would have made the best of them look to their laurels if he had gone to the Bar.

## "Dante Will Stay"

MR. BULL is convinced of the fact, and he marshals his arguments so masterfully that it will have to be a very unimpressible jury that will not sit up in its box and take quite a lot of notice. After pouring scorn upon all those who have said that Dante is "too fast to stay" (the same thing, of course, was said about The Tetrarch) and that because Nearco has not yet sired a stayer and "therefore never will," Mr. Bull continues:

Nobody is interested in analysing the mares with which he [Nearco] has been mated, and his having had only two crops of three-year-olds to represent him is not a matter of consequence! The fact that from a five-furlong mare he got Nasrullah, who stayed well enough to run a close third in the Derby, is not regarded as relevant; nor is Nearco's own stamina considered of much importance. That is how it appears to me from what I have read on the vexed question of Dante's stamina during the past winter. However, I think it probable that Dante will stay.

Mr. Bull then proceeds to produce the evidence, the two most impressive items of it being: (1) that Nearco won the 15-furlong Grand Prix de Paris; and (2) that Rosy Legend, Dante's dam, who has plenty of St. Simon (Galopin) in her, won three races in France over 12, 12½ and 13 furlongs.

And our able Counsel then says: "And that, m'Lud, is the case for the defence!" I would only like to add a word or two: last year's Derby was not true-run, and there was reason to doubt not only Nasrullah's stamina but also his honesty. There is no sign of roguishness in Dante, and I should say that he was full of courage. I repeat what I said after the Middle Park—that I cannot see him beaten in the Two Thousand. I am sure that he is lazy, and that no jockey who may ride him can afford to forget this fact. Most racehorses will stop, or try to, if you "throw the bridle at them."



Brigadier Baron de Robeck, M.B.E., R.A., and Baroness de Robeck were at the O'Brien-Butler-O'Malley wedding. The de Robecks' place is Gowran Grange, Naas, Co. Kildare, and the family has been closely connected with the Kildare Hounds for many years.



Irish Wedding: Lt.-Col. O'Brien-Butler Marries Miss Brigid O'Malley

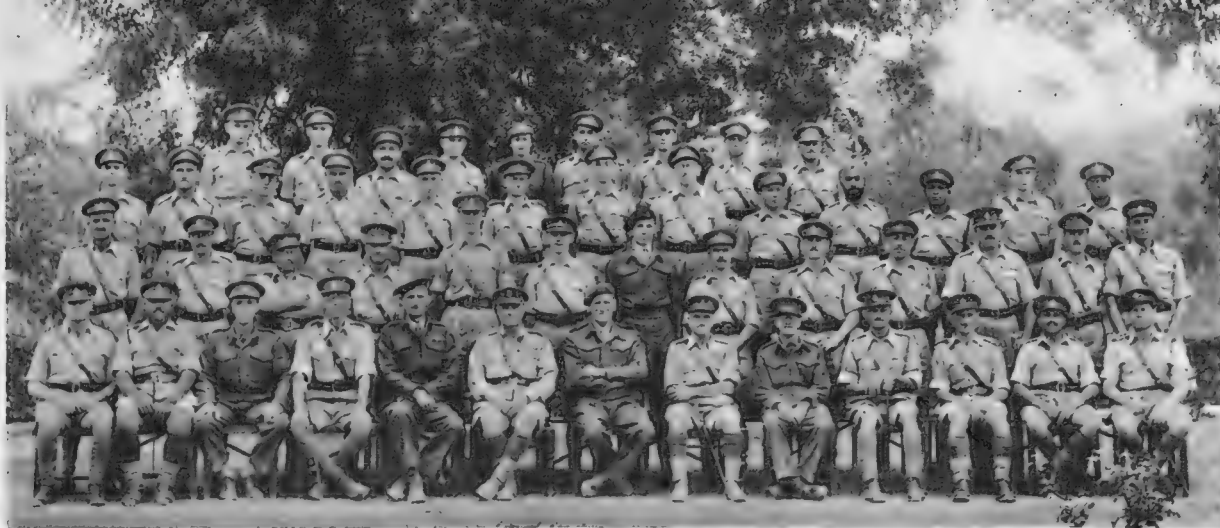
In this group, taken after the marriage of Lieut.-Col. Paget Terence O'Brien-Butler, M.C., R.H.A., and Miss Brigid O'Malley, are the bride and bridegroom with the bridesmaids, Miss Georgiana Smithwick, Miss Frances Boylan and Miss Ann Mitchell, and the best man, Major J. Lomas, R.H.A. The bridegroom is a son of the late Capt. Paget O'Brien-Butler, a noted amateur rider, and the bride is a daughter of Capt. T. F. O'Malley and of Mrs. C. Mitchell



Two wedding guests were Lieut.-Col. C. C. Mitchell, D.S.O., M.C., former joint-Master of the Kildare Hounds, and Mrs. W. Hall, who has been Master of the Carlow Hounds for twenty-five years

Poole, Dublin





### Officers of the 7th Rajput Regimental Centre

This picture was taken on the occasion of the C-in-C. India's visit to the Centre. Front row: Majors D. B. Harrel, D.S.O., R. G. Naidu, R. J. Norris, F. L. Boyd, Brig. S. W. Bower, O.B.E., Col. R. H. Culley (Commandant), Gen. Sir Claude J. E. Auchinleck, G.C.B., G.C.I.E., C.B., C.S.I., D.S.O., O.B.E., A.D.C. (C-in-C, India), Lt.-Col. C. R. A. Meadmore, Lt.-Col. W. R. P. Ridgway, T.D., Majors M. B. Gohel, L. A. H. Mure, J. S. Cama, Capt. D. F. Gordon. Second row: Capt. S. N. Mittal, J. D. A. Coppin, Major Singh, Ram Sundar Singh, W. E. Collins, I. A. G. Horton-Smith, M. B. Ormrod, A.D.C., R. J. W. Phillips, C. G. H. Perks, N. A. Ellis, W. H. Darby, R. Lewis, W. E. Davidson Rodrigues. Third row: Lts. F. A. Mice-tich, Brijpal Singh, L. D. Sandeman, Mohd Sharif, J. McArthur, A. B. Spearman, W. J. E. Sandford, L. E. L. Coates, C. A. Willoughby-Crisp, Gur Baksh Singh, H. A. Khan, R. A. Pollitt, Mustasad Ahmed. Back row: 2nd Lt. W. Chalmers, Lts. G. C. Harvey, A. A. Khan, R. F. Grist, Sub. M. C. Darby, W.A.C. (I), Lts. P. B. Grover, I.A.M.C., S. A. Z. Naqvi, N. F. H. Clarke, 2nd Lt. Mohd Ilyas

## On Active Service



### Officers of a Battalion of the East Yorkshire Regiment

Front row: Majors C. O. Boughton, G. H. H. Coles, T. W. Hind, R. P. Freeman-Taylor, the Commanding Officer, Capt. C. J. Robinson (Adj.), Major D. M. Maude, Capt. D. L. Periam, Capt. J. P. Darby. Middle row: Capt. A. M. Rice, Lt. M. L. Dyson, Lt. J. G. R. Sunderland, Capt. A. S. T. Price, E. A. Green, R. I. Barden, Lt. D. E. Fairbanks, Lt. A. Baxter, Capt. C. Davies. Back row: Lts. W. Darch, J. F. P. Caruana, J. W. Timbers, J. M. McKenzie, Shaw, R.A.M.C., Capt. G. W. L. Glew, Lt. R. G. Coleman, Capt. J. R. Holmes



### Officers of the 3rd Battalion Dumbartonshire Home Guard



D. R. Stuart

### Signals Staff of a R.A.F. Training Unit

Sitting: F/Lt. T. Stafford, S/Ldr. T. S. A. H. Bushell, M.B.E., G/Capt. G. C. Bladon, F/Lt. G. B. Hayes, F/O. W. Davidson. Standing: F/O. C. Battersby, F/Lt. F. G. Copson, F/O.s W. A. Harvey, J. E. Thompson, J. L. Chilton, P. G. Simper, W. J. Dale; A. Mee



D. R. Stuart

### Officers of a R.N. Air Station

Sitting: Chief Off. F. M. Hales, W.R.N.S., Cdr. E. W. Beetham, R.N., Capt. C. L. Howe, C.B.E., R.N., Capt. I. T. Rees, R.N. Standing: Rev. A. Nicol, Chaplain, R.N., Cdr. (E) W. G. Foster, R.N., Cdr. J. A. L. Drummond, R.N., Rev. J. C. Karn, R.N.V.R.

Left, on ground: 2nd Lts. W. Clinton, J. T. Aitchison, W. B. Brodie, R. S. Downie, W. Ferris, H. Downie. Front row: Capt. A. W. Ronald, Capt. R. McD. Craw (Adj.), Majors R. K. V. White, J. A. H. Sutherland, Amery Rodger, M.B.E., M.M., Lt.-Col. Brodie Hepburn, M.C. (C.O.), Majors H. Ferguson, M.C., J. Gray, M.C., G. J. Pirie, Capt. W. B. West, D.C.M., H. M. Russell. Second row: Lts. J. S. Learmonth, A. Macdonald, Capt. J. McK. Fleming, A. G. Deans, P. Thomson, H. G. Carswell, M.C., R. A. Forster, J. L. Park, Lts. R. S. T. Wood, J. M. Low, S. E. Houston. Third row: Lts. B. McLaughlin, D. Reid, C. J. Miller, P. Sandeman, W. Davidson, G. Macdonald, W. Pogson, H. Ferguson, R. M. Smith, D. McL. Williamson, D.C.M. Back row: 2nd Lt. D. M. Todd, Lts. A. H. Nicholson, A. Rodger, H. Gilchrist, M.M., J. T. Michie, E. Bark, J. Fields, J. Logan, M.C., 2nd Lt. W. Kirk, Lts. G. R. Grange, D.S.O., M.C., L. R. Fraser, J. McCowan, A. M. Thompson, W. Jackson, A. de Banzie, R. H. M. Kennedy, F. H. Unkles, W. Dunlop, J. L. Roxburgh, J. D. Stewart, R. P. T. Scott, and Lts. W. Dunshie, G. A. Miller, Lts. G. Miller, W. Reid Martin, C. Kerr

# With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

## Shakespeare for the Village

LOVE for the theatre goes deep. And it can take other, more active forms than the most faithful round of theatre-going. Children, on their return from the play, re-act the scenes they have most enjoyed; and often, I believe, get still greater pleasure out of their own performance. Many of us remember, however far back, attempts to construct a theatre of our own—these ranged from the shoe-box turned on its side, with chalked scenery and flat, paper actor-figures cut out of magazines, to the quite ambitious marionette set-up. The acting-box and the big room—be it drawing-room or attic—long enough to contain both cast and audience, are features of old-world, spacious family life that one would be sorry to see go. "The play" is a form of play; a high percentage of people have a strong vein of natural theatricality which only becomes tiresome when it is denied the outlet it should have had.

A "good" audience (from the actors' point of view) must be one in which this natural theatrical sense runs high—an audience which does not merely passively watch, but which participates, with its whole temperament, in what is going on on the stage. Village audiences, from this point of view, are excellent—they are not dulled or blasé; their expectations are alert. They have often made long, rough journeys for this occasion: after the curtain falls, they will tramp or bicycle home, perhaps in the starlight, perhaps in the wind and rain, thinking and talking everything over. A play in a village is an event. A film, for all its merits, can never be quite the same—it was a sad day when the cinemas began driving the good old barn-storming companies off the roads. Local amateurs, it is true, are taking their places: the only pity with these is that often they do not aim high enough, or, alternatively, they have immortal longings for the West End successes of fifteen years ago. Better *Maria Marten*, surely, than the insipid cocktail and faded crack? But, best of all, Shakespeare. After all, why not?

A visit paid to the Poet Laureate, by thirty-one young men who, released from the war, wished to produce *Macbeth* for village audiences, has resulted in an invaluable book—John Masefield's *A Macbeth Production* (Heinemann; 6s.). In this Mr. Masefield embodies, and further reflects upon, the advice that he gave to the young men. He opens with a sketch of the play's true historical background, contrasted with a survey of the sources from which Shakespeare made his plot.

## Link-up

THE group setting out on this enterprise were fortunate. Their spokesman said:

We have lorries to take our gear and ourselves. We shall

live a circus life for as long as we hang together; that is the life, wherever men do hang together. We shall try to be down in the extreme west, in October and March, when the open may be rather bleak. We are not unused to cooking and camping. We have some devices for keeping dry, washing clothes, keeping clean, and so forth. We may not be quite gipsies or sailors at these things, but we have learned some of their ways in the last years. You may take the living part as provided for. The acting equipment we shall hope to show you soon. We have a portable stage, which we have built together. We can strike it in an hour; and hope, with practice, to get it up in daylight, in most places, in under three hours. It is very strong and yet light. It has a balcony at the back, because we want to revive some Elizabethan plays. Some of us have rather a knack for designing and making clothes. We have some curtains and back-cloths. We have some costumes, armour, jewels, crowns, and so forth. Light, too, we can be sure of; and we can do posters and programmes. We hope to stay more than one night in most places, and to give more than one play. . . .

We wanted to ask you about *Macbeth*. It is a play we thought of doing, and someone said you used to like the play.

"Will you let me say," Mr. Masefield asked, "how glad I am that you are going to bring back poetry to the thousands who are starved of it, by long years of war and some generations of stupidity?" It is this idea of bringing back poetry, of linking up Shakespeare's timeless

## CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

HAS the war killed romance? Sometimes my observation leads me to suspect it has. Love shouldn't be rushed, but war makes it go all hay-wire. Almost anything goes nowadays, so long as it provides a boyfriend or a girlfriend, or, with luck, a permanent mate. An English girl married to an American advises her sisters thus: Marry a Yank because (a) his manners are more carefree; (b) his uniform is natter; (c) he has more money. And except for the last reason, which always comes in useful, I can think of few sillier reasons. (American soldiers, take note!)

Anyway, it would seem to-day as if 80 per cent. among women are determined to get married, have an affair or get divorced. Love, so-called, is on the war-path. And although most wives and nearly all mothers are heartbroken because of it, I feel sure the rest of the feminine population loves the world mess. It breaks down barriers, destroys complexes and inhibitions, and offers up to them multitudes of men far away from home, wives and friends, with evening-time on their hands and nothing to do with it except pictures and pub crawls. Which, together with dance-halls, have become magnificent pick-up places for both sexes alike.

The technique is as straightforward as slithering down a helter-skelter on a mat. And although the first move is much more "refrained" than being accosted in the street, it answers the same purpose. As they kiss each other good night, she will suggest another meeting, or ask him to telephone her up at wherever she works, and if he has told her his name and

regimental number, she may send him a packet of cigarettes through the

post. If on second or third thoughts he discovers that this particular young woman is not exactly his cup of tea, he will, nevertheless, have to be very strong-willed to achieve an escape. Men hate scenes. And, after all, with nowhere to go, with nothing to do and nobody else to do it with, he drifts quite unprotestingly with what offers herself, though the drifting may land him in an entanglement or in matrimony.

It is, I suppose, because every girl not only demands a man of her own, but also the prospect of a home of her own. Love hasn't got the time to stand and stare when there's a war on. Peace has a nasty habit of giving romance a prolonged second thought. Besides, a married woman has several important privileges in war which peace can never bestow. And a child only increases these privileges. Nevertheless, I have more than a vague suspicion that when it is all over and wartime husbands meet wartime wives without the glamour of a carefree manner, a natty uniform and money, merely to spend, there will be a good many disconcerting encounters. True, the man will definitely be there. There may even be a home. But if a girl has only married to keep the wolf from the door, she may easily find that at the same time she has let one in. As often happens. So, once again, the woman will "pay," and once again she will dislike paying (though it be only her share), as she has always done. That men also "pay" can never, never be true. Why, they never shout about it!



Harlip

**Capt. I. W. Stanley Moss, M.C.,** Coldstream Guards, married Countess Zofia Tarnowska in Cairo last month. His bride is the only daughter of Count Jerome Tarnowska and Countess Wanda Tarnowska. Capt. Moss, who kidnapped the German General Kreipe in Crete, is the author of a book called "Ill-Met by Moonlight"

vision of man with the imagination of mankind of to-day, that runs all through *A Macbeth Production*. At the same time, the book is extremely practical in the attention it gives to theatre-craft. It assumes, in its advice and directions, the equipment that these specific players could command; but much Mr. Masefield says could be adapted by a producer and company less favourably placed—indeed, the *spirit* of acting, the interpretative vigour that he inspires, if not the pattern and range of movement that he has pictured, need not be outside the range of the village hall. We have here, of course, an outline of the ideal production; but the effect is encouraging, rather than otherwise: if the ideal cannot be realised down to the last detail, it can, none the less, always be kept in view.

Nearness of the actors to the audience is stressed as a great element in the link-up. This—an essential part of the concept of any Elizabethan play—was evident, as we may all remember, in the opening Globe Theatre sequence of the film of *Henry V.*; in fact, when an actor came forward at big moments, the audience surrounded him on three sides. Mr. Masefield conceives of the acting in depth formation (fore-, mid- and back-stage) rather than in the flattened-out line enforced by footlights and a proscenium arch. He also hinges many of his effects on the balcony (another Elizabethan sine qua non), with doors off and staircase ascending to it.

## High Life

IN a Shakespeare play, I see man at the height of life, in the overflowing fullness of his powers, even when, as in the *Macbeth* tragedy, those powers are put to dire

(Concluded on page 120)





## Oiling a Destroyer in Dirty Weather : By Wing-Commander E. G. Oakley Beuttler

The tanker and the destroyer steam head into the wind at about eight to ten knots. After certain mutual operations have been performed with the necessary skill and precision, the hose is then passed by the tanker and is coupled into the oiling connection of the destroyer. The hose is a 10-in. armoured flexible piping. The sketch, looking aft from the forward bridge, shows the hose not yet fitted to the coupling, but the tanker has started pumping, hence the panic in the destroyer

## ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 107)

liberation last September, was in uniform, and so was the Hereditary Grand Duke of Luxembourg, who is a subaltern in our Irish Guards; his younger brother, Prince Charles, who trained as a cadet with the Royal Canadian Air Force, was in mufti; as were his four sisters, the Princesses Elizabeth, Marie-Adelaide, Gabrielle and Alix. These attractive young Princesses have all inherited their mother's great charm and will be greatly missed here, where they have made many friends.

## Princesses in Convoy

THE three eldest—Princess Elizabeth, Princess Marie-Adelaide and Princess Gabrielle—have trained with the M.T.C. and are leaving almost immediately to take their places driving ambulances and Red Cross supplies going out to North-West Europe in convoy.

Amongst those who came to bid farewell to the Grand Duchess and her family were many members of the Diplomatic Corps and Members of Parliament; the Mexican Ambassador; Lord Fermoy, who had just returned from a visit to Paris and was greeting many friends; and Lady Sinclair, wife of the Secretary of State for Air, who had a long talk with the Grand Duke Jean. Lady Monkswell was amongst those presented to the Grand Duchess during the afternoon; H.E. the Luxembourg Minister in London was there; so were Monsieur and Mme. Pierre Bausch, Major Sir Jocelyn Lucas, Colonel Sir Arthur Evans, Sir Charles MacAndrew, Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. John Mayhew, Sir Frank Sanderson, Sir George Reid, the Director-General of U.N.R.R.A. for Europe; the Rev. Mother Mary, Lady Gould-Adams, and many more.

## The "Belfry" Opens

THIS charming house in West Halkin Street has been opened as a club mainly for the benefit of R.A.F. officers, and especially for those who have been prisoners of war. Here they will be able to bring their friends to lunch or dine in comfort in lovely surroundings. The walls of the bar are panelled with most lovely flower pictures, and all the tables are made of mirror glass and painted with flower and other designs by an ex-R.A.F. pilot. The club has been started by Mr. Martin de la Force, who was himself until recently in the R.A.F. The idea of making it a headquarters for returned R.A.F. prisoners of war—an excellent thought—was originated by S/Ldr. Byrne, who was a prisoner in Stalag III. and one of the two officers to make an official report on his return of the shooting of R.A.F. officers in that camp last year. S/Ldr. Byrne, who is now working for the welfare of R.A.F. prisoners of war at the Air Ministry, recently married the Hon. Nona Lawrence, Lord Lawrence's younger daughter.



Mr. Frank Forde, Deputy Prime Minister of Australia, is paying his first visit to London, to take part in the British Commonwealth talks. He is seen with Mrs. Forde when they visited the W.R.N.S. headquarters in Chelsea, to meet British Wrens who are going to Australia



Miss Dorothy Thompson, America's most famous woman journalist, now in London, is seen at the Women's Press Club luncheon not long ago, at which she made a speech

## Members

ALTHOUGH the Club has been started mainly for R.A.F. officers, a small percentage of civilians and members of the Senior Services are being enrolled. Amongst those at the opening were Lady Monkswell; the Hon. William Bethell, Lord Bethell's younger son, who had a long talk to Mrs. Alan Guinness; Monsieur Tony Gandarillas, the Permanent Secretary at the Chilean Legation, and G/Capt. Bredin and his attractive wife. Mrs. Durham Matthews, whose husband was killed while serving with his regiment, the Irish Guards, in Norway in 1940, was there; so were G/Capt. Peel, G/Capt. Bennet, G/Capt. Parker, Mr. Chris Mackintosh, W/Cdr. Bartlett and many other distinguished members of the R.A.F.

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 118)

misuse. Mr. Masefield says: "Let your Macbeth be chosen for the nervy, fiery beauty of his power. . . . Let him not play the earlier scenes like a moody traitor, but like Lucifer, star of the morning. Let him not play the later scenes like a hangman who has taken to drink, but like an angel who has fallen." He warns against the strain put upon the audience and the muffling effect on the whole performance of the (these days) over-popular darkened stage. He also demands a break with conventions in regard to the representation of the Macbeth home.

The usual settings for Macbeth's castle are gloomy, stony and awful. Often they suggest vastness; always they are ill-lit and depressing. Remember that the audience has to stare at them for a long time. Do not let them be gloomy, stony and awful; they could not have been so in reality, and certainly were not so in Shakespeare's imagination. Shakespeare saw every detail of the action with intense clearness and delight. . . . The outward view of Macbeth's castle delighted Duncan. The King was made very welcome, and very comfortable; indeed, until about 1.45 a.m. the Macbeths seem to have been delightful hosts. . . .

Instead of making your castle grim and ghastly like the Old Murder Inn in a Christmas tale, make it the trim, bright, attractive home of two remarkable Scots, both of royal blood.

A final point: Mr. Masefield reminds us that political murder was rarer in the Elizabethan than in what we have until recently thought of as our own more advanced and enlightened day. Shakespeare perceived it, and his audiences felt it, to be sheer black crime, ruinous to the soul of the committer and surrounded by a peculiar climate of horror. *Macbeth* should be so played as to restore that sense of shock, of moral repugnance, to to-day's audiences, even after six years of the Nazis' murderous war.

## Fugitive

F. L. GREEN, whose new novel *Odd Man Out* (Michael Joseph; 9s. 6d.) has appeared this month, excels in his studies of big provincial cities. Against their complex, compact, self-contained life he places his characters—isolated, in almost every case, by some sinister intention or secret fear. He gains effect by the contrast between the prosaicism of brick and stone, and the sinister inner twists of the human will. Apart, however, from this general similarity, none of his novels ever repeat themselves: the characters—who have a striking reality—and the circumstances are always different.

*Odd Man Out* is an interesting inverse to the run of "resistance" fiction that is becoming popular. The patriot organisations of the lately German-occupied countries naturally engage, as they deserve, our entire sympathies. But here, Mr. Green's doomed and battered hero is the leader of an organisation (unnamed, but recognisable) that is militating, if indirectly, against the Allied war effort. The scene is Belfast, in wartime: Johnnie Murtagh and his three lieutenants are attempting the robbery of a big mill, in order to obtain funds for the Organisation. In the struggle, Johnny fires on and kills the mill cashier; then himself, badly wounded, falls from the running-board of the car on which he intended to make his getaway.

The story deals with his wanderings through the stormy, blacked-out Belfast city night—crazed with pain, a fugitive, every man's hand against him, the police ring gradually closing in. In relation to Johnnie we see the other characters—his fellow-members of the Organisation, the woman who loves him, the artist obsessed by the wish to paint him before he dies, the seedy, ex-medical student determined to patch up his damaged body, the old priest determined to save his soul by making him expiate his crime. This is a grim, fine novel—more Irish or Russian than English in its manner.

## Mr. Campion

MARGERY ALLINGHAM's detective-hero Albert Campion stays the course as well as any other I know. He is not over-whimsical, not over-eccentric, not a fatiguingly tough guy. I like him better and better with every book, and best of all in the latest, *Coroner's Pigdin* (Heinemann; 8s. 6d.). In this, we find Mr. Campion in a hot bath in his London flat, just back from a three-years exceedingly secret mission on two war-racked continents. Ahead of him (so he thinks) lies only the pleasing prospect of a train journey into the country, reunion with two very beloved creatures and a long, well-deserved leave.

At this moment, however, a corpse is being carried upstairs, to be dumped in his flat, by a dowager marchioness and an ex-burglar—our old friend Lugg, now a respectable member of a Heavy Rescue squad. Soon everything is moving only too fast: much, only too much, is to happen before the long-suffering Mr. Campion is to be permitted to catch that train. A Bishop, an Admiral, an eccentric young peer in the R.A.F. with a somewhat seedy circle of good-timing hangers-on, a very young war widow, an enamoured American officer, a world-famous connoisseur of wines and an entrancing spinster, Miss Dorothy Pork—all play their parts in a plot as taut, as baffling and, in spite of some grisly happenings, as entertaining as any Miss Allingham has constructed yet.

## For the Children

VERSATILE James Thurber has written an enchanting story for children, *Many Moons* (Hamish Hamilton; 7s. 6d.). The Slobodkin illustrations are gay and dashing. Your little girl may envy Princess Lenore, who ate too many raspberry-tarts, then demanded, and got, the moon.



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## HOME TRUTHS



• **The Nightdress**, heavy art satin with skirt cut on the cross, £5 1s. 5d. In all pastel shades. Debenhams. **The Cami-knickers**, of rosebud-patterned art crepe, £6 17s. 2d. Fortnum and Mason. **The Yoked Bedjacket** is reversible. Made in pretty contrast pastel colourings, it costs £5 5s. 2d. Marshall and Snelgrove. **The Ribbed Bedjacket** is of hand crochet on net, £5 17s. 9d. Debenhams.

• **The Regency Housecoat** is beautifully cut with clever contrast striping; it is crease-resisting and made in shades of powder blue, turquoise, citron and lime, and trimmed with wide white piqué collar and cuffs. £12 9s. 6d. From Harvey Nichols.







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## BUBBLE &amp; SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

THE law professor was doing his best to instil a little knowledge of the subject into a collection of rather backward students.

One morning he gave them a long lecture on the whole question of making a will, and at the end of it he thought he would test their memories.

"Now then," he said, "what are the essentials to a last will and testament?"

Nobody answered for a moment; and then a student at the back of the room spoke up.

"A dead person and some money, sir," he hazarded.

THE rumour spread in Oslo that a certain citizen had a parrot that could say "Down with Hitler." The rumour eventually came to the ears of the Gestapo. The man was forewarned that the Gestapo intended to pay him a visit, and he went to the local pastor for advice.

"I'll tell you what to do," said the pastor. "You take my parrot home with you and bring yours here." So the parrots exchanged homes for the time being.

Then the Gestapo came and charged the man with insulting the Fuehrer by teaching his parrot to say "Down with Hitler." The Norwegian denied the charge. "My parrot is definitely non-political," he affirmed.

So one of the Gestapo men approached the parrot and said, "Down with Hitler." No comment from the parrot. He repeated the words several times without result. Finally the other two came to help him and the three Gestapo men stood there shouting at the top of their voices: "DOWN WITH HITLER!"

"Praise the Lord!" said the parrot.



*Manning-Sherwin's Music* is the name of this little Company which has just returned to England after entertaining some thousands of Allied soldiers, sailors and airmen in Gibraltar, Rabat, Casablanca and the Azores. Composer Manning-Sherwin, whose music, extracted from twelve successful shows, made up the programme, is seen on the left with Peggy Hahn, Edward Baxter (remember him in "Gipsy Princess" and "Flying Colours"?) and Esther Coleman. The photograph was taken aboard one of H.M. ships lying off Gibraltar, where the company stayed nearly four weeks playing two shows daily

THIS story is from *And So To Bedlam*, by Marguerite Lyon:—

When air lines were young and people were wary of flying, a promotion man suggested to one of the lines that they should permit wives of business men to accompany their husbands free, just to prove that flying was safe. The idea was quickly adopted, and a record kept of the names of those who accepted the proposition. In due time the air line sent a letter to those wives, asking them how they enjoyed the trip. From ninety per cent of them came back a baffled reply: "What airplane trip?"

A SCOTSMAN, arrested for being drunk, put forward an unusual excuse.

"I wasna' drunk," he said to the magistrate. "It was just I found myself outside a kirk, and knowin' ma unworthiness to gang inside, I knelt down on the steps."

"I see," said the magistrate. "You were holding a little service on your own. Well, we will now take up the collection. Pay seven and sixpence."

AN Aberdonian went into a shop in Glasgow and asked for a pennyworth of cheese.

"We don't sell pennyworths," said the shopkeeper.

"Well, show me two pennyworth," said the Scot.

This was produced, whereupon the customer whipped out his pocket-knife, cut it in two, put down his penny and, picking up half of the cheese, said: "Trouble with you is—you're lazy."

THE magistrate had given the defendant a long lecture on the evils of drink. But in view of the fact that this was the first time the man had been drunk and incapable, the case was dismissed on payment of ten shillings costs.

"But don't let me ever see your face again," said the magistrate, sternly, as the man turned to go.

"I'm afraid I can't promise that, sir," said the released man.

"And why not?" came the inquiry.

"Because I'm still barman at the Queen's."

The fact that goods made of raw materials, in short supply owing to war conditions, are advertised in this paper, should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export



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The Brassiere with the Velvet Grip—Beginning as it does with figure-correction, the science of style has no greater hand-maid than V.G. Foundation garments. That is whispered wisdom among well-dressed women of today.

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It's made in various fine cloths that lend themselves perfectly to the new trend of softness in tailoring. Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18. £14.7.9 and upwards. 18 coupons. Women's Shop, 4th Floor.



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## AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

### Air's Fair

**M**ORE than ever, now that that great friend of Britain, F. D. Roosevelt, has gone, it is necessary to take steps to ensure that amicable relations are maintained between Great Britain and the United States. There can be little doubt that a source of danger to these relations is aviation. Whether Britain fears America's commercial air-power or not, she certainly acts as if she did. Hardly a reference is made to Britain's future in commercial flying without some allusion to American competition. Often hard things are said on both sides.

Now I do not think that antagonism is caused by frank speaking. I like to read American critics who tear us to pieces and expose our faults. There is something stimulating in knowing just how detestable some of our habits can seem. And I do not like the Americans any less for their frankness. Nor do I think that the Americans like us any less when we tell them frankly what we think about them. There can be very hard hitting on both sides and no loss of respect or friendship. But let us beware how we nag.

### U.S. Aircraft

**I** FEEL that we tend to nag about United States' aircraft. We tend to get annoyed that America is so much better supplied with good machines for transport than we are ourselves and then to substitute nagging for criticism. If we do not like the D.C. 4, or the Constellation or any other machine, let us say so and state why. But do not let us decry it simply because we ourselves are not the makers. Similarly there is no objection to our criticizing the way the Americans run their air lines. But there is the strongest objection to nagging at the American lines simply because they are more active than any lines we possess.

There is equally the strongest objection to trying to wangle the Americans out of their position in the air by diplomatic means, by conferences and agreements. They are certainly going to be very strong competitors to us in civil air transport. Nurtured in the hard but efficient school of competition—45 per cent domestic air lines in America are now running under competitive conditions—they will, I believe, make rings round our laboured, form-filling, inhibited government monopolies. But that is our own fault and not the fault of the Americans. Let us criticize fully and, if you like, fiercely when we have a point of criticism; but let us avoid nagging and whining. If we stick to that rule, British and American aviation will not fall out.

### Jap Fighters

**T**HE latest Japanese fighter aircraft are apparently an improvement on the earlier ones. It therefore seems premature to suppose that the Japanese Air Force is down and out or anywhere near it. One machine is credited by those who ought to know with a top speed of 400 miles an hour, and it retains the essentially Japanese quality of extremely high powers of manoeuvre. It is also likely that jet-driven aircraft will be in use by the Japanese soon. They will probably use Junkers units; but it seems clear that they have in Japan all the essential information.

It follows that any idea that there can be the smallest slackening in the technical effort for the Pacific war would be highly dangerous. If we had not had such overwhelming numerical superiority in the west and if the Germans had not been so short of fuel, we might even at the eleventh hour have had a desperate time in the air. For the German technical advances have been many and important and their Messerschmitt 262 is regarded as a first-class fighting machine by all the pilots who have actually met it in combat.

I am told that the Arado 234 jet-driven machine also shows signs of being a highly advanced technical job. So the air war has not gone in our favour through any marked technical superiority on our side. That is a salutary fact that ought to be remembered when we plan the next moves in the war against Japan.

### Cooking

**I**T is good to see that the official book *R.A.F. Middle East*, gives credit to the work of the cooks during that difficult desert war. It is true that in a book of 143 pages they only get a brief mention; but it is better than nothing. An air force can have its efficiency in the air made or marred by its living conditions. Work on making those conditions as good as possible and on seeing that the food is well prepared is never wasted.

This book also gives an account of the remarkable series of stratosphere combats that occurred in the summer of 1942 between specially lightened Spitfires and German Junkers 86, pressure cabin, stratosphere reconnaissance aircraft. I believe these combats were unique. One of them was fought at 50,000 ft. The Spitfire men used oxygen of course; but oxygen alone is not enough. There is also the reduced pressure at such heights which can produce temporary paralysis and other troubles including the "bends." Those combats are well recalled at the beginning of the book. My one grouse is that both front and back covers show aircraft with American engines. Surely a Stationery Office publication ought to concentrate on helping British products.



**Wing Commander F. F. Lambert, D.S.O., D.F.C.,** is a Canadian who has served in the R.A.F. since early 1936. After seven years' overseas service in India Command, he returned to Britain in 1943 and since then has been in command of a Mosquito Intruder Squadron. W/Cdr. Lambert has destroyed and damaged many enemy aircraft and carried out numerous special sorties including attacks on the Kiel and Dortmund-Ems Canal. A few months ago he transferred from the R.A.F. to the R.C.A.F.





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she had her  
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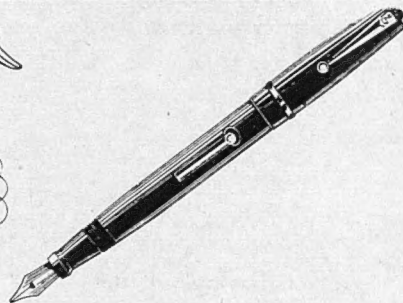
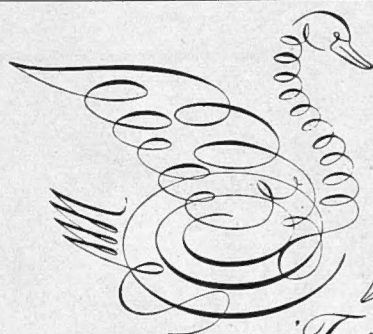
like them, it is safely and also speedily relieved by two tablets of 'Genasprin'.

One cause of Neuritis is the abnormal stimulation of the nerves by substances formed during imperfect metabolism. The sheath of the nerves becomes inflamed and irritated, and severe pain is the result. In cases of acute, long-standing Neuritis you should, of course, consult a doctor, but in the meantime two tablets of 'Genasprin' taken in a little water can be relied on to reduce and even banish the pain.

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if carefully treated;  
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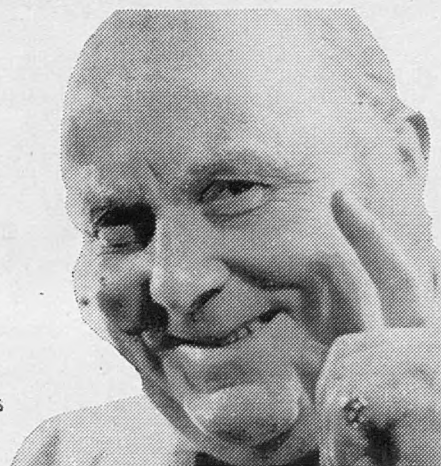
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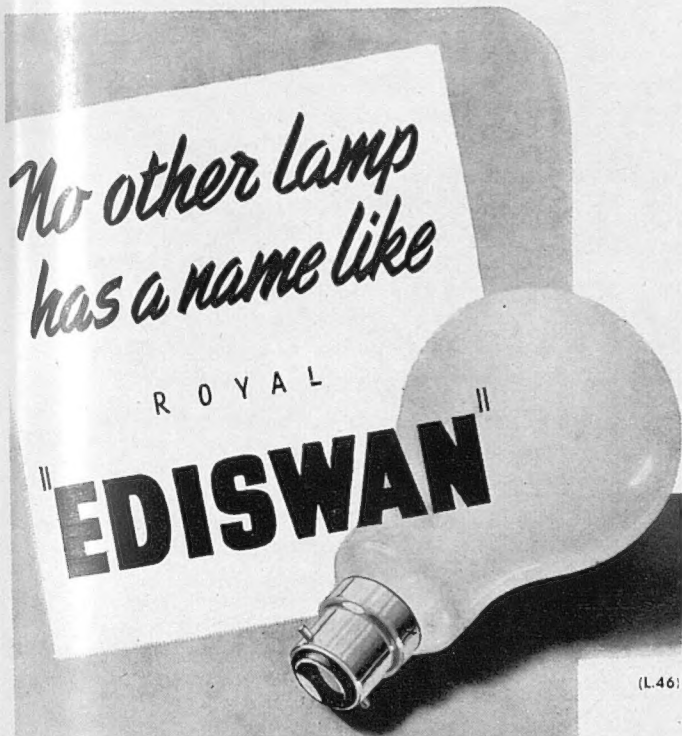
says OLD HETHERS



can we afford to take it easy, though better times are approaching. With peace will come the return to the shops of many old and well-tried favourites, Robinson's Lemon Barley Water among them. Meanwhile make your barley water from Robinson's 'Patent' Barley—you'll find it good.

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(L.46)



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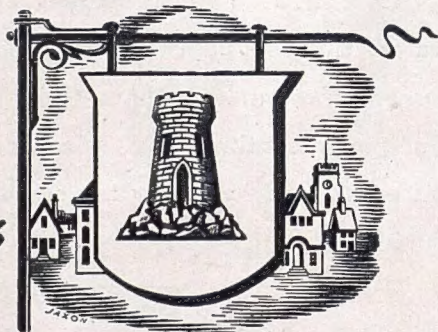


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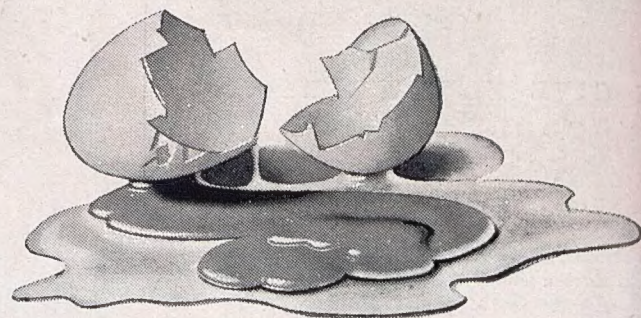
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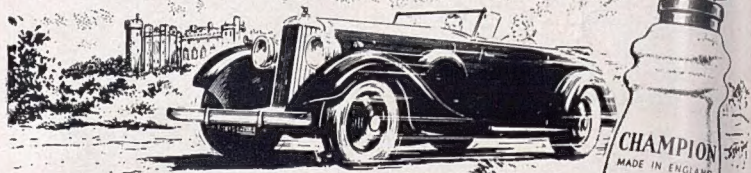
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